[fic] Thrust.

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Title: Thrust.
Fandom: Supernatural.
Rating: NC-17 like whoa.
Warnings: Sex, object penetration, a wee bit of violence, voyeurism, dirty language, kinky sex in general.
Pairings/Characters: Lucifer/Dean, with background Gabriel/Sam.
Word Count: 2,643 words. of PWP. I can't even.
Summary: Gabriel watches while Lucifer uses his sword in ways it wasn't meant to be used.

Note: This was written because **theinsaneeraser** asked me to do an emergency pinch-hit for her Dean/Lucifer fic exchange on tumblr. This fic was written for ivyandrean, and the prompt I used was this: 'This wasn't supposed to happen. The Winchesters were predestined to be the Vessels for specific angels - Sam to Lucifer and Dean to Michael. Too bad nobody counted on that rogue Trickster-cum-archangel Gabriel playing Cupid after he finds himself falling in love with big brother Luci's meatsuit.'

But, y'know, this is really just a PWP. That's about all you need to know.

(He only lifts his lips from Dean's when he remembers that humans need to breathe.)

"The fight will still happen," Lucifer promises, and kisses Dean. He cups the back of Dean's head and catches Dean's hand before Dean can push at him, and deepens the kiss when Dean tries to protest.

He only lifts his lips from Dean's when he remembers that humans need to breathe.

"Bastard." Dean is panting, wiping his lips, stepping back and away from Lucifer. "You don't get to do that."

Lucifer smirks at him in lieu of a response, and moves back into Dean's space, pushing Dean back up against the wall, putting two hands flat on the wall next to Dean's head. He presses his body to Dean's, and kisses him again.

(Gabriel ducks back behind cover, rubbing his hands together gleefully. It's

working, and even if Lucifer knows what he's doing - and he probably does - Lucifer isn't exactly resisting. That's the first part of the plan in the bag, and Gabriel can't wait to get the rest of it over and done with.

...Not that he'd object to spending a few more hours than planned watching Lucifer and Dean have wild kinky sex, but that's Gabriel for you.)

Lucifer watches the gears turn in Dean's mind as they kiss again, and he has to say: he likes the sudden fire in Dean's eyes when Dean finally decides what he wants.

He lets Dean move him, and is interested enough to let Dean manhandle him to the bed, but he isn't interested enough to let Dean top. No, now that he knows what Dean wants, he is more than willing to grip Dean's hips and roll them over, to waste no time in getting Dean unclothed, to discover that Dean is already hard, to wrap a cold hand around the heat of Dean's cock and listen to Dean's moans as arousal fights with the cold.

Dean swears, and Lucifer gives a dry chuckle as he lets go of him, instead hooking two suddenly-lubed fingers into him.

"Is this what you wanted, Dean?" Lucifer asks. "I listened to your thoughts. You wanted to pin me down and fuck me, and you would have, had I given you the chance. I am correct, I assume?"

Dean swears again and curls forward, and Lucifer grabs his neck, thumb brushing at the base of Dean's skull as he drags Dean up into a sitting position. It forces Lucifer's fingers deeper into Dean, and Lucifer decides that he likes Dean's reaction: to curse, to moan, to grab at Lucifer's arms and move his hips forward and back, as if he can't decide if he wants more or less but the movement gives him more regardless.

Lucifer drags him forward into another kiss, rubbing at the base of Dean's balls with his thumb and listening to - ah.

Dean misses it, but Lucifer narrows his eyes and pinpoints the source of the click he heard.

(Gabriel's gone from sight already, and the camera itself is already off in a secure location. As much as he's annoyed, he's impressed - he would have thought Lucifer would have been more vanilla with his sex. More typical, at least. As far as Gabriel can figure, Lucifer hasn't had sex in an exceptionally long time.

But this? Gabriel's half-expecting him to whip out a collar and leash, or toys, or something. He's certainly behaving as if he'll know what to do with them.

It takes work, but Gabriel secures his invisibility closer around him and sits in a corner. He's looking forward to a show.)

Dean notices that Lucifer's stopped moving nearly a minute after the fact, and

when he raises a hand to Lucifer's cheek to find out why, Lucifer stops scanning the wall and kisses him instead.

"What is it?" Dean manages to ask, after the kiss.

Lucifer curls his fingers. "Nothing important. Now, Dean. I want your full attention for this."

He knows Dean probably won't be able to comply with that, but he'll get his attention. He raises a hand, and summons his blade, and there - Dean tenses, eyes zeroing in on the blade.

"I did inform you that the fight would still occur," Lucifer says. "And I am certain that Michael will be involved in it. So I intend to make this a comprehensive victory."

Lucifer decides he likes how fear looks on Dean's face, and puts the tip of the blade on Dean's throat. "Lie back. Spread your legs."

Dean's eyes flick from the blade to Lucifer's face and yes: Lucifer likes how Dean can mix fear and anger, and if he's not mistaken there is also arousal there. Which makes sense: Lucifer's fingers are still in Dean, and Lucifer is now mercilessly rubbing Dean's prostate.

It's far too easy to identify a choked back moan, and Lucifer smirks again, trailing his blade down Dean's throat and over his chest - pausing to make a cut. A thin line through Dean's tattoo that, if Dean's lucky, will heal cleanly and leave the protection intact. If he's not, however...Lucifer would be interested to see where Dean places the next one.

"You son of a *bitch*," Dean curses, and Lucifer kisses him just for that, letting the tip of the blade press into Dean's side as he does, piercing the skin far too easily and drawing blood when he sits back.

"I feel obliged to tell you about my blade, Dean, as you are about to become well acquainted with it." Lucifer resumes the blade's journey down Dean's body, and rests the tip of it on the tip of Dean's cock. "This, despite appearances, is meant to be a blade that pierces instead of cuts. The only way for an angel to die without God's interference is one of these weapons. A cut will wound. A cut will not kill. No, I could only kill Michael with this if I stabbed him, a single motion with intent that is impossible to mistake for anything other than the intent to bring death. There is the division between death and the little death, as it were, but simply put? I must thrust this blade into one of his vitals, and I must intend to kill him. Anything less would merely wound him, and would not be satisfying. Now," Lucifer traces a thin cut on Dean's inner thigh. "I intend to give you a little death. That leaves the other ingredient: the piercing motion. The thrust, if you please."

Dean is pale and still unable to stop himself from moaning as Lucifer draws his fingers out, as Lucifer has been pleasuring him as he spoke, pressing fingers against his prostate and rubbing at his balls, and for all the little cuts Dean is still

aroused - Lucifer wonders at that, and decides that later he should explore pain with Dean - and this is how Lucifer wants him. Stretched, open, helpless for all that he is not bound. The tip of the blade hovers next to Dean's balls, and Lucifer revises his opinion. Dean is bound by fear, and by the knowledge of how sharp the blade is. If Lucifer nudged the edge several inches to the left...

He doesn't. Instead he quickly flips the blade around to hilt-first and repeats himself.

"The thrust," Lucifer says as he thrusts the hilt of the blade into Dean. It is shallow, and certainly not enough to be satisfying, but these are, after all, only the preliminaries.

(Gabriel catches his breath and palms himself through his pants, still watching. He hadn't expected this, even when Lucifer had heard the click of the camera, but this - if Lucifer does kill Dean, Gabriel's going to be thoroughly annoyed, but this - Oh, Gabriel likes the direction this is going on. It's better than what he was thinking, and as appealing as it would be to collar Dean this is much more satisfying.

He wonders if he could get away with doing something similar to Sam, possibly with a popsicle - Lucifer moves, and Gabriel halts that line of thought. He can get creative with Sam later, after he's done here.)

Lucifer's grip on the blade is a careful one, for it is his true blade. There would be no point in a faux blade that wouldn't harm him, not if Lucifer wants to keep it interesting for himself.

Dean is gasping, arching, looking for all the world like he's been shocked, and Lucifer twists the hilt counter-clockwise, simply to watch Dean's eyes widen. He's still aroused, and Lucifer is glad for that much - he's not interested in giving Dean a handjob to maintain that state, and right now Dean is angled just right for Lucifer to make the image even more appealing.

He takes one of Dean's wrists and guides it to the base of the hilt, where it is pressed against Dean's hole, and wraps Dean's fingers around it.

"Fuck yourself," Lucifer tells him. "With the hilt."

"F-Fuck," Dean utters as Lucifer lets go of the blade, leaving it in his hand.

"That is the idea," Lucifer says with a smirk before he gets up. As overwhelmed with sensation as he is, Lucifer has no intention of standing too close when Dean is holding one of the few weapons that can kill him. He's not stupid, after all. Instead he lowers his hands to his belt, undoing the clasp and sliding it out of his pants in a smooth motion. He pauses to finger the leather and debates using it later in the night, but no: he can use a belt on Dean some other time, and later he can decide if he wants to bind Dean with it or hit him with it. Either would be satisfying.

Tonight, however: Dean is awkwardly pushing the hilt deeper into him then jerking it out, and repeating the motion, moaning the entire time. Lucifer drops the belt and undoes his pants. It is the work of a moment to simply make his underwear vanish, and then his cock is freed.

Dean is watching, Lucifer notes that with amusement, and that's what leads to Lucifer's excessive slowness in taking his cock in his hand and lifting it out of his pants, so Dean can see it.

"Hm," Lucifer says, to draw Dean's eyes up to his face for a moment. "To be perfectly honest I have not experimented with masturbation. I understand you are familiar with this act, and could talk me through the finer points of it."

Oh, Lucifer understands the idea - self-pleasure - but wouldn't it be that much more satisfying to force Dean to talk him through it? Or simply to hear Dean talk at all when he surely wants to let himself lean back and try to forget exactly what the circumstances surrounding him are.

"You want me to *what* - " Dean forces out, and just for that Lucifer twists the blade in Dean's fingers, earning himself a strained moan from Dean.

"Tell me how best to pleasure myself, Dean," Lucifer says, and sits back on a chair that appears out of thin air. He lets his legs fall open and strokes himself, watching Dean. "If your instructions are comprehensive I might grant you some leniency."

"Fuck," Dean says again, eyes following the motions of Lucifer's fingers. "You don't need help."

"Delay any longer and I will simply reposition you so that you can suck me off with my sword buried into your ass." Lucifer smirks around the crude language and wonders if Dean might not prefer that, even if he won't admit it.

"Just...keep doing that," Dean tries, and Lucifer fakes a sigh. Fair enough.

"You had your chance," Lucifer says, and he did give Dean a chance. Certainly not enough time to grasp it properly, but the more he thinks about it, the more he likes the idea of using Dean in that fashion.

He doesn't need to get up to move Dean, after all. And he has no qualms about abusing his powers in this way.

Lucifer raises a hand and Dean yelps as his hands are forced behind his back. His body raises into the air, and Lucifer angles him around so that he appears to be kneeling in the air over Lucifer's crotch, and yes - the blade remains in Dean, and there's a benefit of using his own blade that Lucifer didn't anticipate: as the blade is bound to his Grace in such an intimate fashion, it is easier to move it without touch and to maintain fine control.

It certainly makes it easier to keep Dean in position when Lucifer finally guides

Dean's mouth onto his cock. Even as his own focus frays as Dean tries to curse around his tip, Lucifer can angle the blade so Dean can't help but feel it with every breath, and he can rest his hands in Dean's hair.

"You're close, aren't you?" Lucifer murmurs. "Think you could come like this? Impaled twice?"

Dean makes a noise and ah - there - he angles his head now, and Lucifer won't need to correct his form. Dean is using his tongue now, and Lucifer lets his eyes close for a moment so he can savor the sensation.

There is the hint of teeth -

"Bite me and I will remove yours," Lucifer warns, and the hint of teeth is gone. Dean behaves, now lifting his head so he can tongue at Lucifer's slit before sucking again at the tip, mouth stretched obscenely over Lucifer's cock.

Lucifer puts a hand on the back of Dean's neck and lets himself moan. He likes this, and it is always good to indicate when his lover is doing something correctly. It encourages them to keep doing it, and there -

Dean executes a motion with his tongue that makes Lucifer wonder just who Dean has blown before, but that is a thought for another time, when he isn't close to coming, and when he needs to be careful with how he divides his attention.

He lets his sword thrust deep into Dean - almost too deep - and lets it vanish and Dean moans around him, a noise that would have made it clear to Lucifer that he misses the feeling of being full, except that Lucifer coming, arching up and nearly choking Dean as he finds release.

As he comes down he lets Dean up, and pushes him onto his back on the bed, letting gravity affect him once more, and Lucifer reaches out to cup the back of Dean's neck and he kisses Dean's mouth, messy as it is, as he grips Dean's neglected cock and strokes it in long gestures that finally lead to Dean coming with a wordless cry into his mouth.

Lucifer savors the heat of Dean's come as it hits his skin, but not for long. He lets go of Dean and steps back, and is completely dressed and clean once more.

He won't lie with Dean or clean him up, but to Dean's credit Lucifer's intrigued enough to stay until Dean wakes up in the morning.

(Gabriel takes this as a cue to get the hell out of there before Lucifer decides to check for observers.

He also takes this as the perfect time to check his camera, and yup - even miles away, he was able to send it the right info. He's got plenty of pictures to send to Michael and various cupids, and all he needs to do now is decide which ones to send - pictures of Dean and Lucifer kissing before and after and during sex? Dean in mid-air? Lucifer using the blade on Dean?

Oh, the possibilities are endless, and Gabriel's sure that no one will mind if he keeps copies of the pictures for himself.

...not that Sam needs to know that, of course.)